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THESAURUS MUSICUS:

BEING, A

COLLECTION of the Newest SONGS

PERFORMED

At Their Majesties Theatres; and at the Conforts in
Viller-street in York-Buildings, and in *Charles-street*
Covent-Garden.

WITH A

Thorow-Bass to each SONG, for the *Harpficord*, *Theorbo*, or *Bass-Viol*.

To which is Annexed,

A Collection of *Airs*, Composd for two *Flutes*, by several Masters.

THE THIRD BOOK.

Sold by John Young at y^e
Dolphin & Crown at the West
End of *St. Paul's Church* all —
kinds of Musical Instruments
together with every thing ap-
pertaining to this Science. as
also all sorts of Cases made at
reasonable rates.

Licensed according to Order.

L O N D O N,

Printed by J. Heptinstall for John Hudgebutt. And are to be sold by John Carr, at his
Shop near the *Middle-Temple-Gate* in *Fleetstreet*, and John Money, at the *Mitre* in
Mitre Court in *Fleetstreet*, where Masters and Shopkeepers may have them. And at most
Musick-Shops in Town. Price one Shilling sixpence. 1695.

A Table of the SONGS contain'd in this Book.

<p style="text-align: center;">A</p> <p>Appear all, appear your kind Mistress to shew, At London che've bin,</p> <p style="text-align: center;">C</p> <p>Corinna, we allow you Fair,</p> <p style="text-align: center;">F</p> <p>From Envy and Ambition free,</p> <p style="text-align: center;">G</p> <p>Good Neighbour why, Give then Royal Maid your Sorrows o're,</p> <p style="text-align: center;">H</p> <p>Hear's not my Phillis how the Birds,</p> <p style="text-align: center;">I</p> <p>I sigh'd, I sigh'd and ow'd my Love, In this happy smiling shade,</p> <p style="text-align: center;">L</p> <p>Lads and Lasses blith and gay,</p>	<p>Page.</p> <p>9</p> <p>12</p> <p>30</p> <p>18</p> <p>1</p> <p>11</p> <p>5</p> <p>6</p> <p>33</p> <p>28</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">P</p> <p>Phillis were not griev'd,</p> <p style="text-align: center;">S</p> <p>Still, still, still I'm grieving, See, see, where repenting Celia lies, See, see, oh! see Corinna's Tear,</p> <p style="text-align: center;">T</p> <p>Tormenting passion leave my breast, Thus you may be as happy as we, Then Beautious Nymph look from above,</p> <p style="text-align: center;">U</p> <p>Under how hard a Fate are Women born,</p> <p style="text-align: center;">W</p> <p>Why, oh! why shou'd the World mistake, Wa's me what mun I do,</p>	<p>Page.</p> <p>24</p> <p>10</p> <p>19</p> <p>32</p> <p>15</p> <p>16</p> <p>29</p> <p>23</p> <p>21</p> <p>30</p>
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A Collection of Flute-Tunes in Two Parts by several Masters.



A Dialogue between Two Wives, Sung
in the Play call'd, *The Canterbury Guests, or the Bar-*
gain Broken. Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

[1 Wife.]



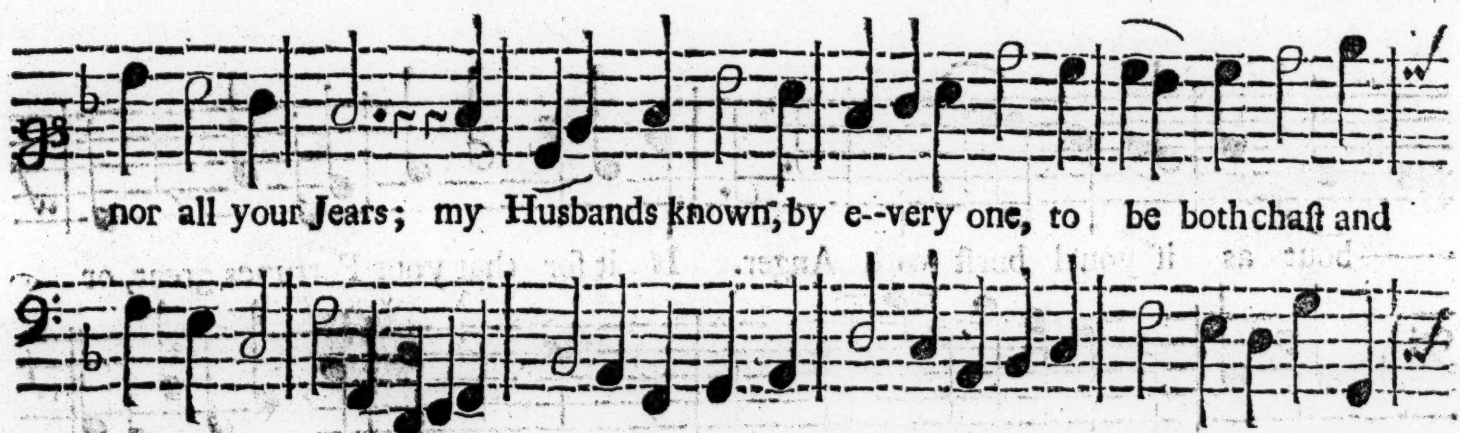
GOOD Neighbour why, why doe you look a-wry? you'r
grown a wond'rous, wond'rous Stranger, you Huff, and you Puff, and you walk a—
bout as if you'd burst with Anger. Is it for that your Fortunes great, or
you so Weal-thy are? there's none so nigh, that lives so high, who can
with you com-pare: the o-ther day I heard one say, your Husband durst not,



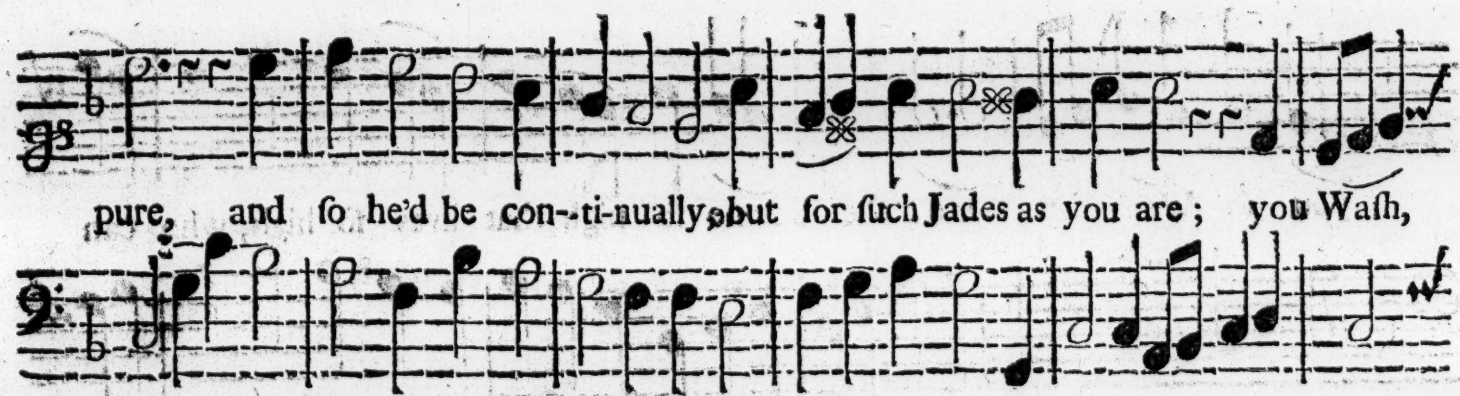
durst not show his Ears; but like a Lout, did walk a-bout, so full of sighs, so




[2 Wife.]
full, so full of sighs and fears. Good mistress Tart, I care not a Fart, for you



nor all your Jears; my Husbands known, by e-very one, to be both chaff and



pure, and so he'd be con-ti-nually, but for such Jades as you are; you Wash,



you Lick, you Trim, you Trick, you Toss, you Lear, you Grin, you Nod, you Wink

[2]

[1 Wife.]

and Pink, and in his Drink, you strive to draw him in. You lye, you

Punk, your always Drunk, you make a noise, you make a strife, and like a Whore, run

[2 Wife.]

on the Score, and lead him a weary, weary life. Tell me so a-gen,

you saw-cy Quean, tell me so agen, you saw-cy Quean, and I'll pull you by the Quoife.

[1 Wife.]

Go, go you'r a dir-ty Bare, your Husband cannot bear it, a naf-

—ry Quean, as e're was seen, your Neighboursall, your Neighboursall de—clare it;

a ful-some Trott, and good for nought, un—less it be to Chatt;

you stole a Spoon out of the Room, last Christning you were at.

[2 Wife.]

You lye you Jade, you lye you Jade, you lye you Jade, you

[1 Wife.]

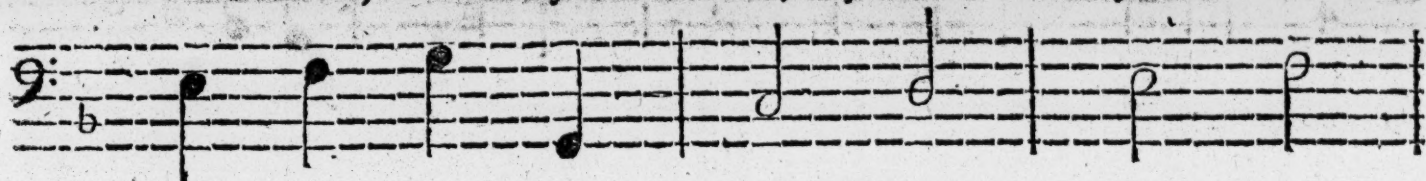
I know your Trade, I know your Trade, I know your Trade;



lye, you lye, you lye, you lye you Jade.



I know, I know your Trade; nay more I hear you are not found;



[2 Wife.]



for this dis-grace, I'll claw your Face, and I'll sell you to the ground.



[The two Husbands.]



Hey day! what's the matter now? what's the matter now? the



Hey day! what's the matter? what's the matter now?



Jades I think are in their drink; 'tis so, 'tis so, 'tis so up-on my life;



'tis so, 'tis so, 'tis so, 'tis so up-on my life.





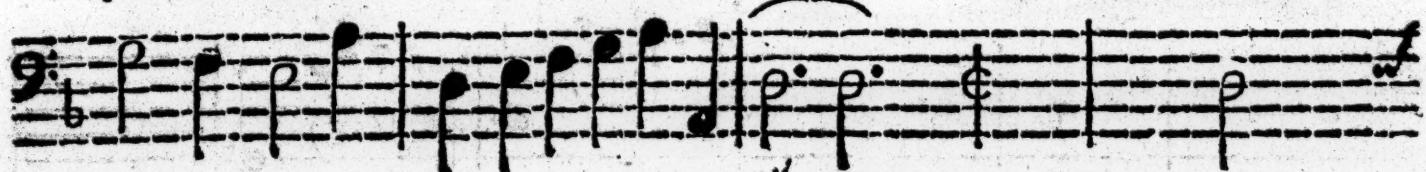
Good neighbour, pray let's end this Fray, and take each Man his Wife; you mistress



Jones, I'll break your Bones, if thus you mu-ti-ny; here's a salt Eel, which



you shall feel, un-less you soon a-gree. My dear-est Dear, be



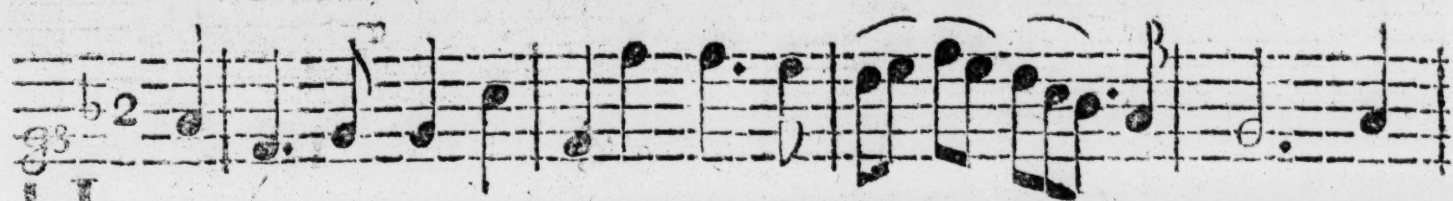
not severe, nor mind our twittle, twittle, twittle twattle; we'll drink and



Freinds, and so all ends, in this good dram o'th Bot-tle.



The Knotting Song, the Words by Sir Charles Sidley.
Set to Musick by Mr. Henry Purcell.



Hear's not my *Phillis* how the Birds, their Feather'd Mates sa—lute, they



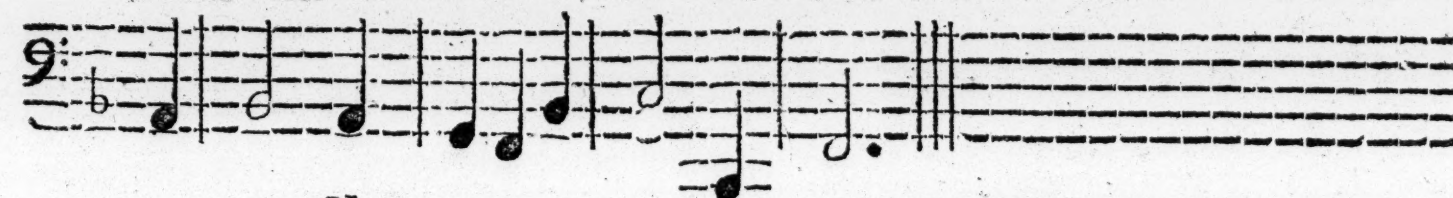
tell their passion in their Words, must I alone, must I a—lone be mute.



Phillis with—out a Frown, or Smile, fat and Knotted, and Knotted,



and Knotted, and Knotted all the while.



II.

The God of Love in thy bright Eyes,
Does like a Tyrant reign;
But in thy Heart a Child he lyes,
Without his Dart or Flame.
Phillis &c.

III.

So many Months in silence past,
And yet in raging Love;
Might well deserve one word at last,
My passion shou'd approve.
Phillis &c.

IV.

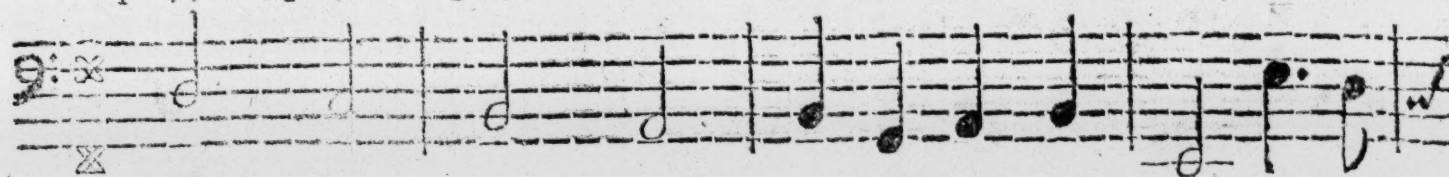
Must then your faithfull Swain expire,
And not one look obtain;
Which he to sooth his fond desire.
Might pleasingly explain.
Phillis &c.

A Song in the *Fatal Marriage*. Set by Mr. H. Purcell.

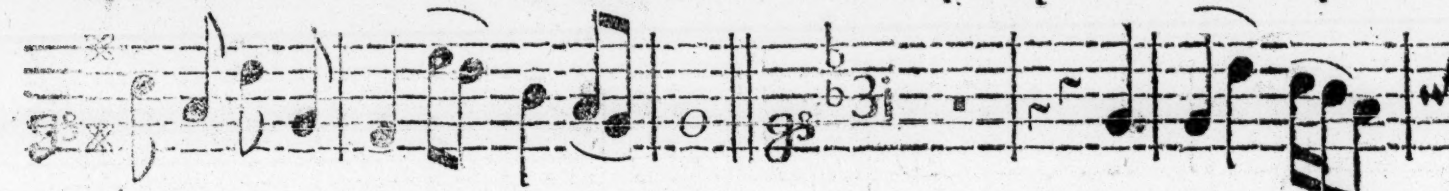
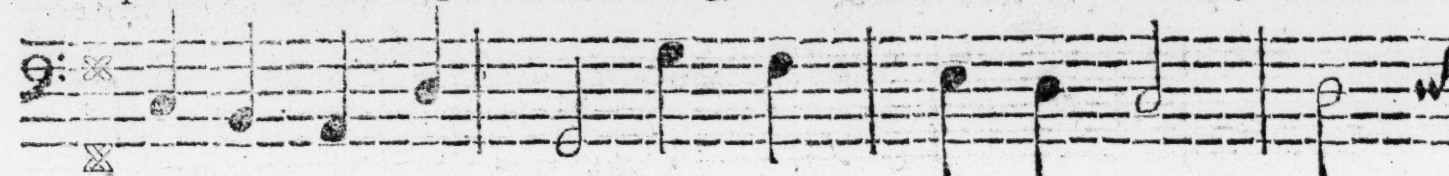
I Si— gh'd, I fi—
 gh'd, fi— gh'd and own'd my Love; nor did the
 Fair, nor did the Fair my Pas— sion dis— ap—
 prove; a so— ft en—gaging Air, a so—
 ft en—gaging Air not of—ten apt to cause dis—pair, declar'd, de—
 clar'd she gave, she gave at—ten—tion to my Pray'r; She seem'd to



pitty, to pitty, pitty, to pitty, pit—ty my distress, and I ex—

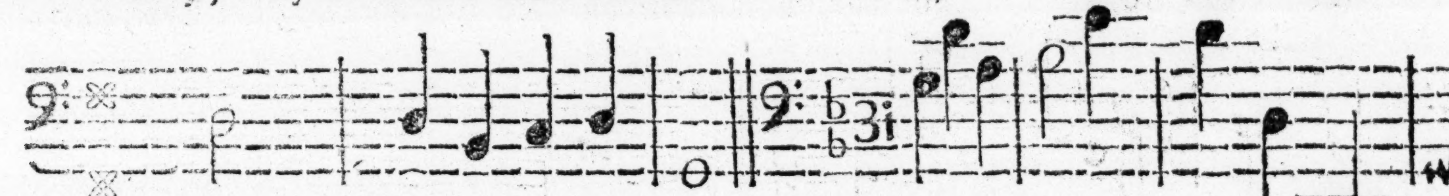


pect—ed nothing less, no, nothing, nothing less, than what her ev'ry Look, her



ev'ry, ev'ry Look did then con-fess.

But oh her



Change, but oh her Change, her Change destroys the char—

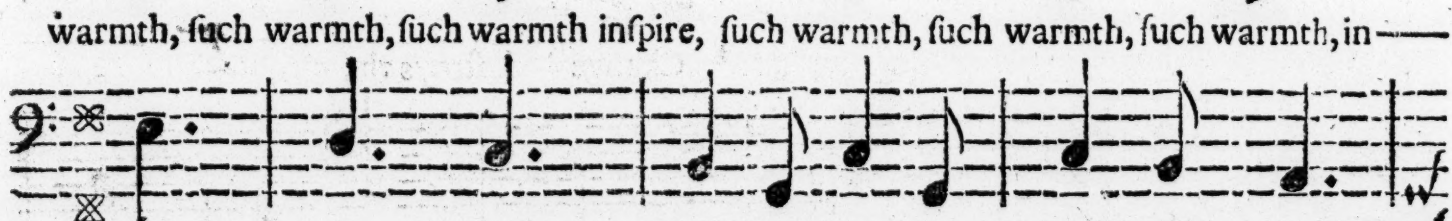
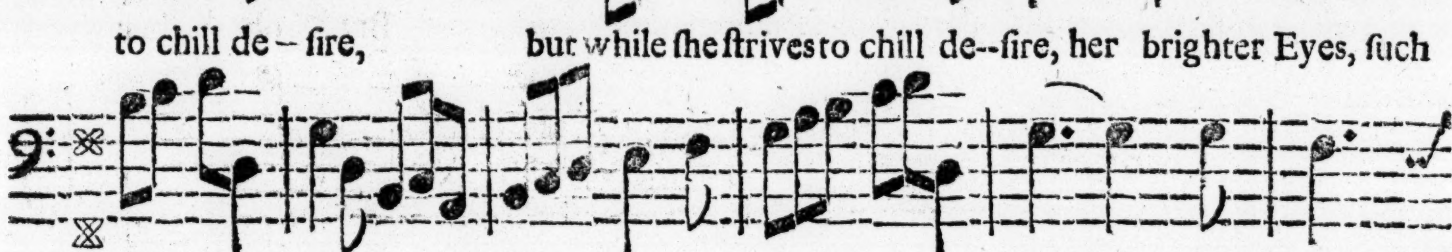
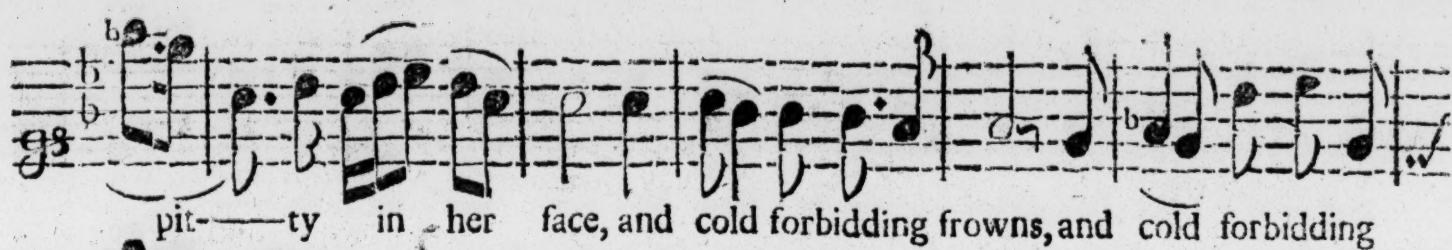


ming prospect of my promis'd



Joys; she's rob'd, she's rob'd of ev'ry Grace, that ar—gu'd pit—ty,





Songs in the New *Masque* call'd, the Rape of *Europa* by
Jupiter; Set by Mr. *J. Eccles*. The first Song S by Mrs. *Hudson*.



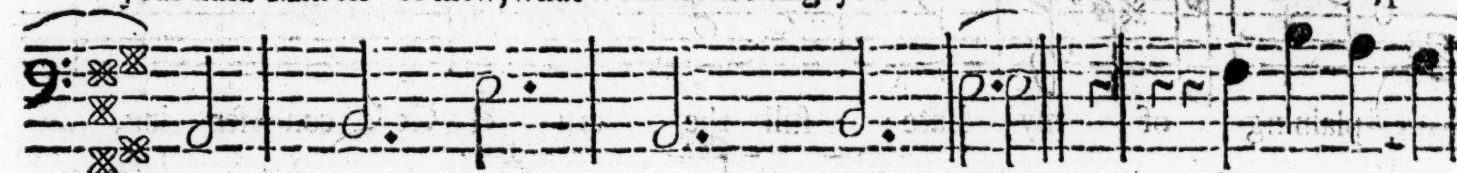
A Ppear all, appear, ap-pear, appear, ap-pear, all, appear your kind Miftress to shew, what



wonderous things you can do; ap-pear all, appear, appear, appear, appear all, appear,



your kind Miftress to shew, what wonderous things you can do: Let Sorrow and Cares, pale



Cheeks and despair, for ever *Eu-ro-pa* be strainge to the fair, for ever *Eu-ropa* be



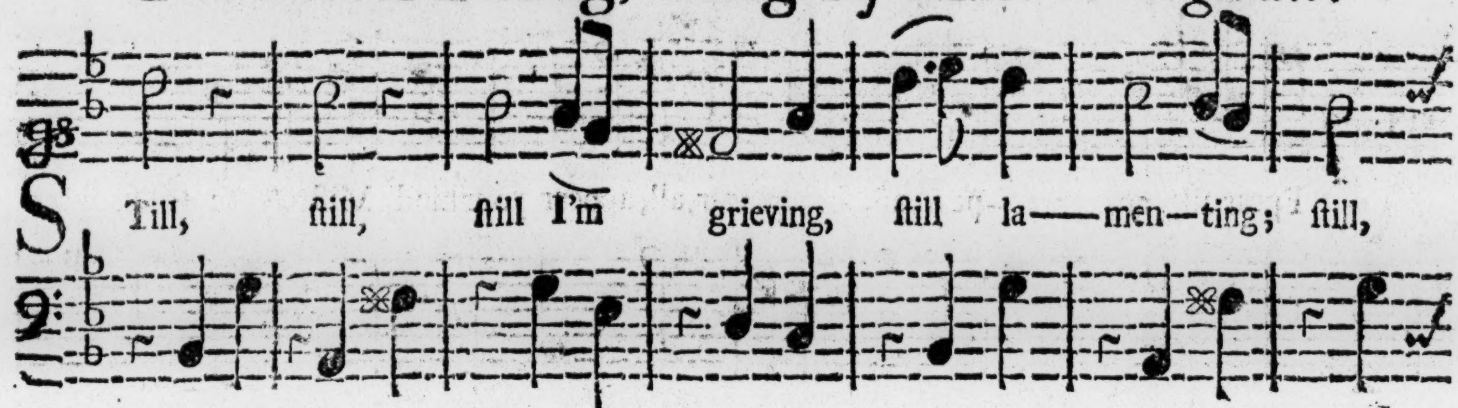
strange to the fair; let Sorrow and Cares, pale Cheeks and de-spair, for ever *Eu-ropa*



be strange to the fair, for e-ver *Euro-pa* be strange to the fair,



The second Song, Sung by Mrs. Bracegirdle.



S Till, still, still I'm grieving, still la—men—ting; still,



sti—ll la—menting; Still, still, still com—plaining, still com—



—plaining of my Fate; still the cru—el Gods con—sent—ing,



add new trou—bles to my State, add new trou—bles



to my State.

Mr. John Eccles.

The third Song, Sung by Mrs. Cibber.



G Give then Royal Maid your Sorrows o're, Im—plore no lon—ger Heav'n in vain;



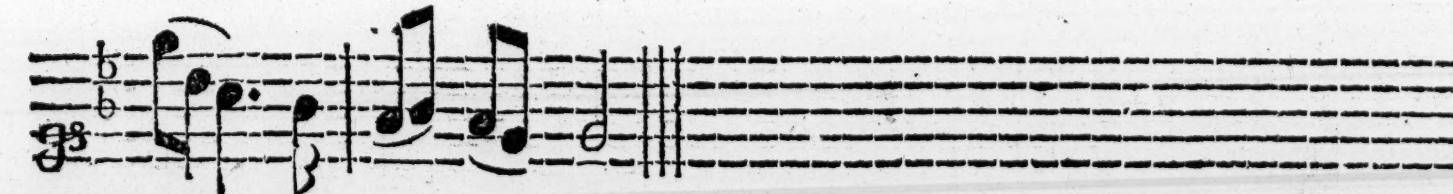
Give then Royal Maid your Sorrows o're, Im—plore no lon—ger Heav'n in vain:



Since there's a—bove no Blifs in store, search here be—low your joys to

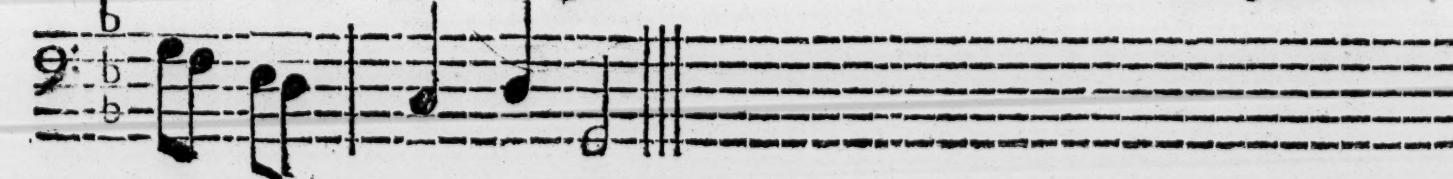


gain; since there's a—bove no blifs in store, search here be—



—low your joys to gain.

Mr. John Eccles.



A Dialogue, between Mr. Dogget and Mrs. Hudson.

[Man.]



A T London che've bin, at London che've, bin, and che've seen the King and the
Queen a; che've seen Lords, and Earles, and roaring fine Girles, that
turn'd up their Tailles at five — teen a.

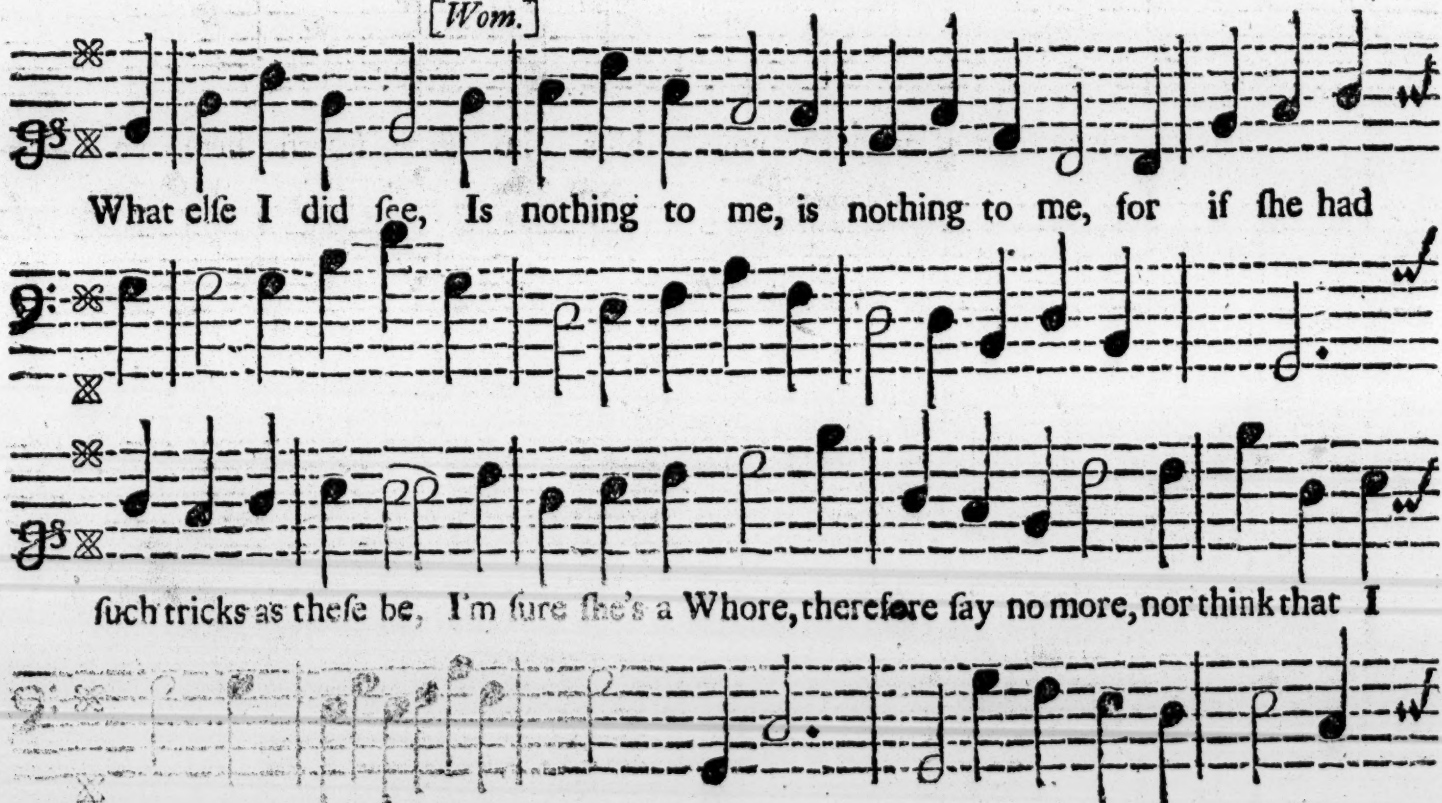
II.

Che've seen the Lord Mayor,
And Bartoldom-Fair;
And there che met with the *Draggon* a,
That St. George that bold Knight,
Fought and killed out-right.
Whilst a Man cou'd tofs of a Flaggon.

III.

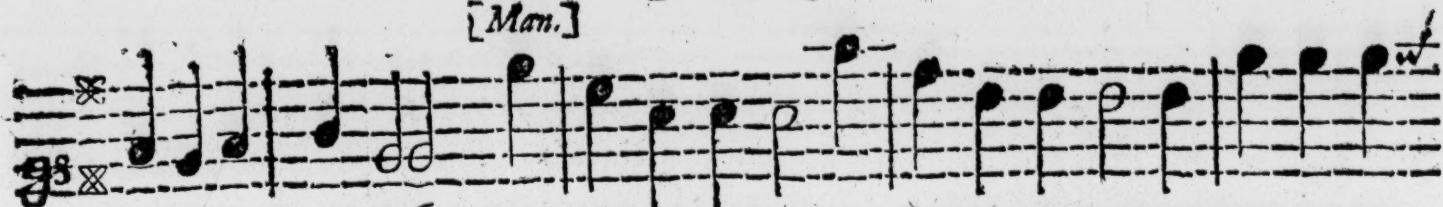
From thence as I went,
To seeth' Monument;
I met with a Girl in Cheapside a,
That for half a Crown,
Pluck'd up her Silk Gown,
And shew'd me how far she cou'd Stride a.

[Wom.]



What else I did see, Is nothing to me, is nothing to me, for if she had
such tricks as these be, I'm sure she's a Whore, therefore say no more, nor think that I

[Man.]



e're will be pleas'd w'yee. Nay prithee now hold, nay prithee now hold and don't cry nor



scold, if you know what it is to be qu-iet, I went but to try, if that I could



[Wom.]



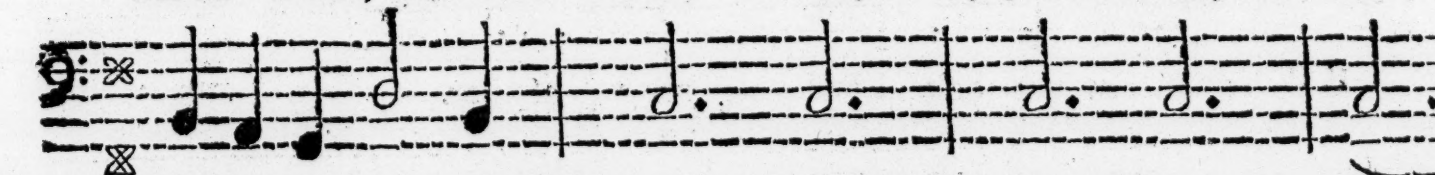
spye, how I could like Loundoners di-et. And for ought that I see, They'r



[Man.]

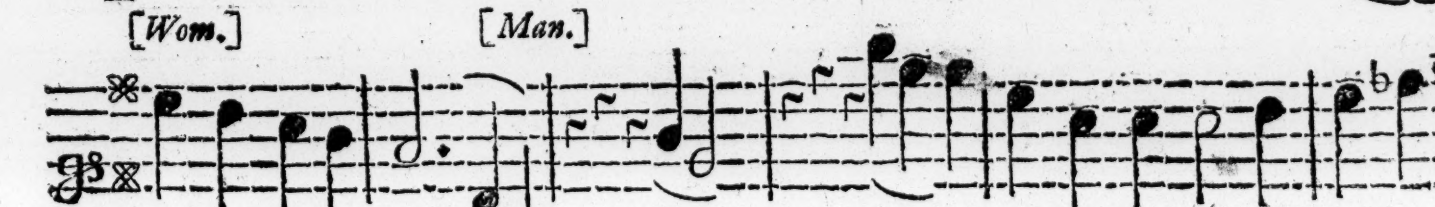


not lik to wee, Faith and troth 'tis a folly to Lye, I think they are not.



[Wom.]

[Man.]



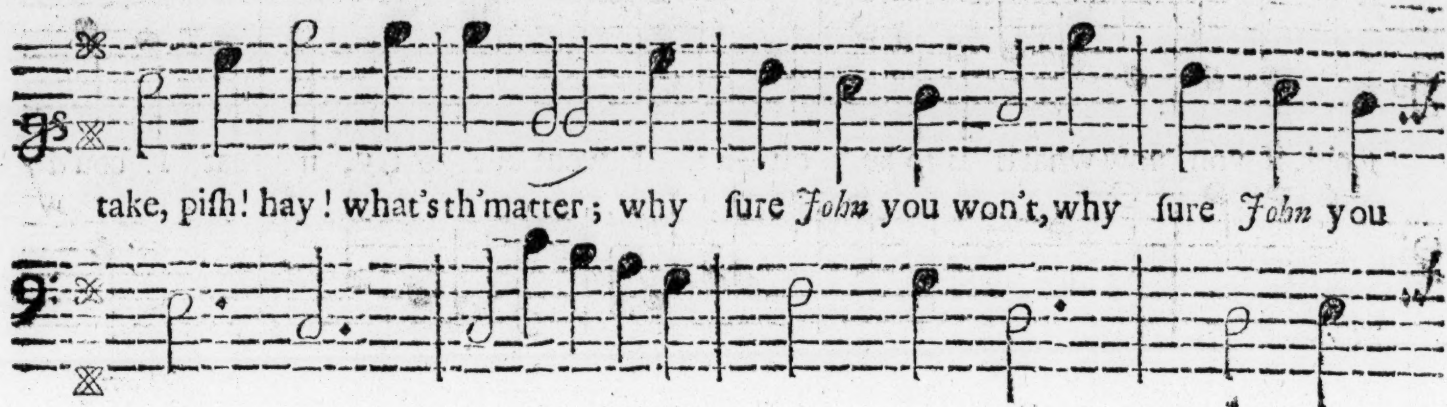
No John not a jott. Joan, Joan, Joan, I prithee come in, I prithee



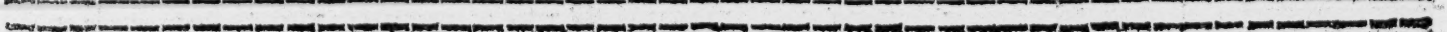
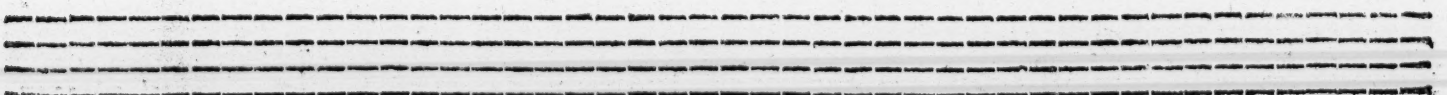
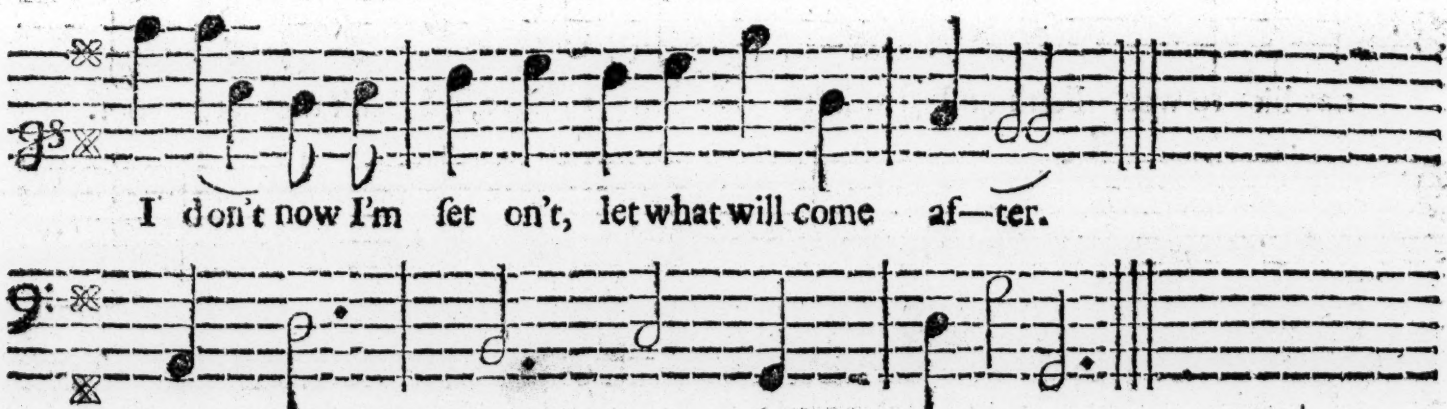
come in, I prithee come in, and let's try, Joan; prithee come in and let's try.



[Wom.]



[Man.]



A Song in the 4th. Act of the *Lancashire-Witches*,
Sung by Mrs. Hudson. Set by Mr. John, Eccles.

Or-ment — ing passion leave my breast, in spight of Clo—e I'll have rest;

In vain are all her Sy—ren Arts, still lon—ger to hold my trou—bled

heart; for, I'm resolv'd to break that chain, and o're her Charms the con—quest

gain, and o're her Charms the con—quest gain.

II.

Insulting Beauty I have born;
Too long your female pride and scorn;
Too long have been your publick jest,
Your common Theme at ev'ry Feast
Let others the vain fair pursue,
Whilst I for ever bid adieu.

A Song in the 5th. Act of the *Lancashire-Witches*,
Sung by Mrs. Burr. Set by Mr. John Eccles.

T Hus, thus, thus, thus, you may be as happy as we, if like

us you'll be wise, and set yourselves free; thus, thus, thus, thus,

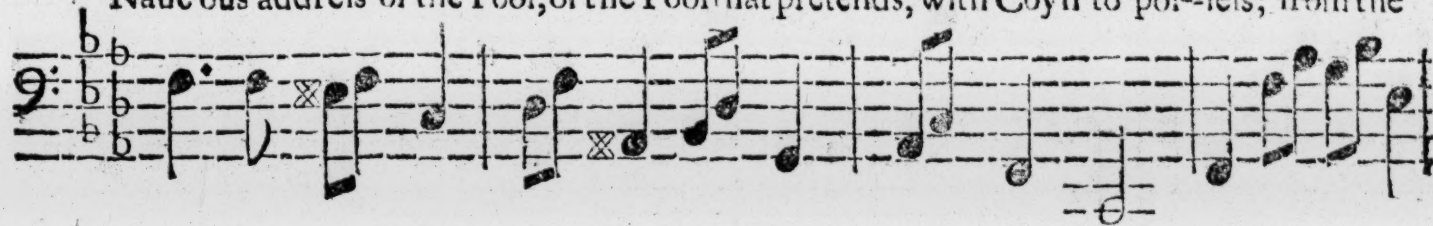
you may be as happy as we, if like us you'll be wise, and set your selves

free: free: From the bondage of friends, and the Nauseous address, of the

fool that pretends with coyn to pos-sess, from the bondage of friends, and the



Nauc'ous address of the Fool, of the Fool that pretends, with Coyn to pos- sels; from the



Bondage of friends, and the Nauc'ous address of the Fool, of the Fool that pre—



—tends with Coyn to pos- sels. She that likes and not Loves, but with Parents consent, gives



that to her Du—ty for Pas sion was meant, may hope for the Joy, but ne're shall be



blest, till she Nature obey, and Duty Transgress. Thus



A Song set by Mr. Ralph Courtivill.

From En-vy and Am-bi-tion free, with-in these Groves, with-in these
 Groves, these Groves we live in-joy ——— ing all, all, all, all, all, all,
 all, all, all, all, all, all, a ——— ll the li-ber-ty that In-nocence can
 give: Each Swain does here his Mi-stress chuse,
 if she proves kind, if she proves kind, kind, kind, he's blest, and tho' she
 frowning, and tho' she frow-ning, frow-ning,



shou'd re—fuse, it never, it never, it never, it never, it

ne—ver, never, never, never breaks his rest.

A Song in the *Married Beau*, set by Mr. H. Purcell.
Sung by Mrs. Ayloff.



S E E, fee, fee, fee where re—pen—ting, where re—pen—ting Ce—lia

lies, with blush—ing Cheeks, with blush—ing Cheeks, and mel—

ting Eyes be—moaning, be—moaning, in a

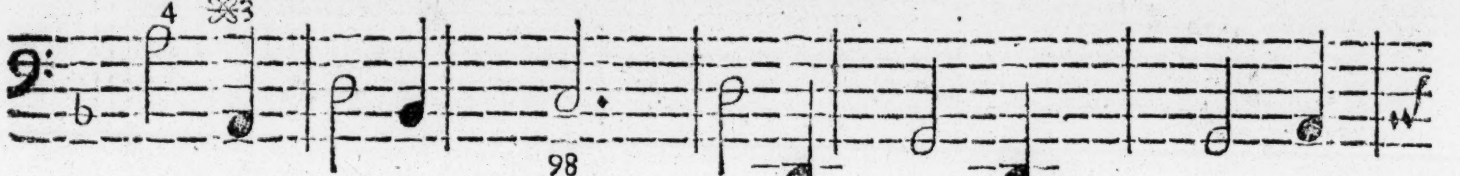
mourn—full, mourn—full Shade, the ruins, the ruins in her Heart and



Fame, which sin—full, sin—full Love has made: Oh! oh! oh!



let thy Tears fair, fair Ce-lia flo—



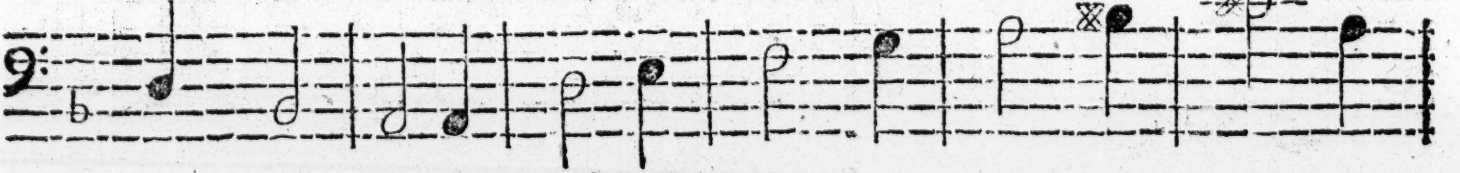
—w, let thy Tears fai—r Ce-lia flow, for that Ce—les—tial wond—



—rous wond'rous, wond'rous dew, more gra—ces



on thee will be—flow, than all, all, than all, all, than all, all, thy



Dresses, and thy Ar—ts cou'd doe.



A Song in the *Ambitious Slave*, set by Mr. John Eccles.
Sung by Mrs. Hudson.

W H Y, Oh! why, why, oh! why shou'd the World mi-stake,

why shou'd the I-dle World mistake, and Lo

ve a God-head

make; why, oh! why, oh! why shou'd the World mi--stake, oh!

why, oh! why shou'd the I-dle World mistake, and Lo

ve, a God-head make, and Love, and Lo

ve

a God-head make: make: If Love were Heav'n, like Heav'n shou'd

a God-head make: make: If Love were Heav'n, like Heav'n shou'd

a God-head make: make: If Love were Heav'n, like Heav'n shou'd

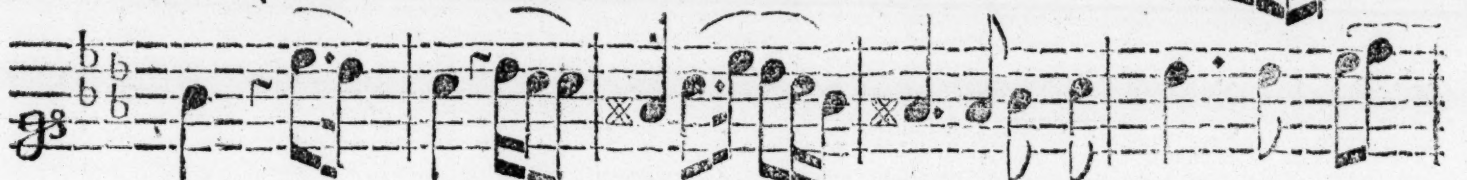
a God-head make: make: If Love were Heav'n, like Heav'n shou'd



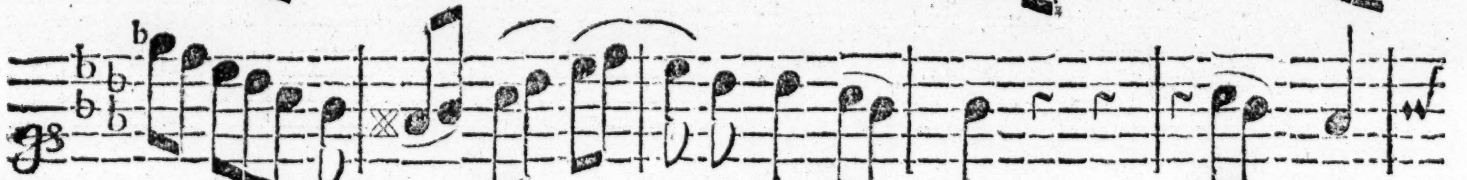
last, twou'd last like Heav'n, twou'd last like Heav'n, twou'd last like Heav'n, twou'd



last, and the im-mor-tal joys wou'd never dye; ah! no, ah!



no, ah! no, false Man, false Man, at ev'ry blast, in bro--



ken Vows, Love's fleet-ing shadows fly, down, down,



down, down, down, down, let all his glo-ries fa--

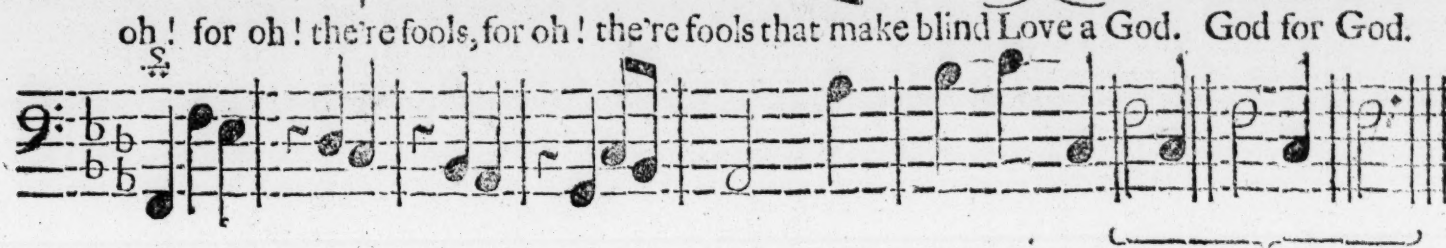
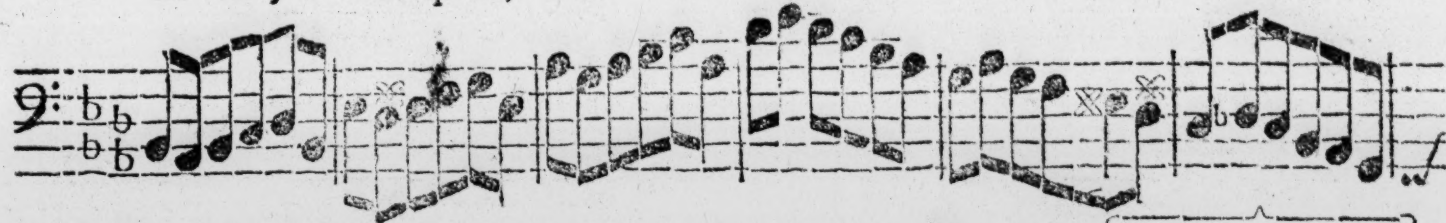


ll,

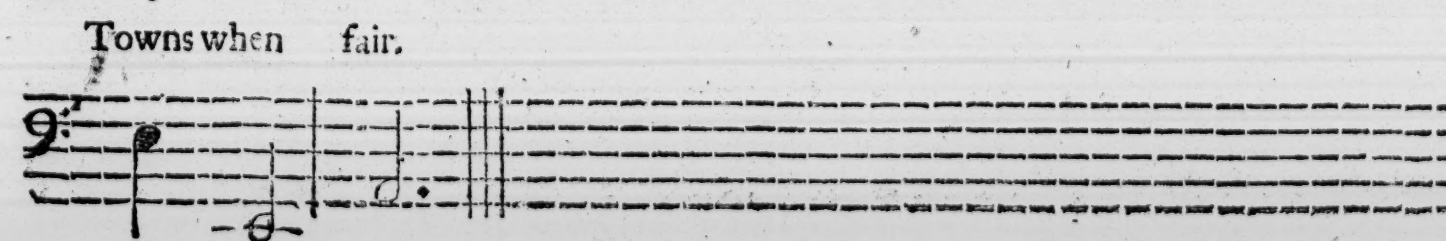
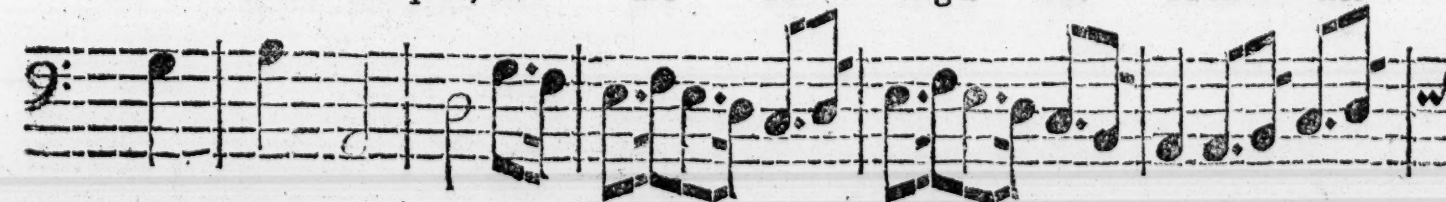
his

Temples,





A Song set by Mr. Ralph Courtivill.



A Song for two Voices, set by Mr. R. Courtiville.



P Hil-lis we're not griev'd, that Nature for-ming you has done her part;



Phil-lis we're not griev'd, that Nature for-ming you has done her part;



and in ev-ry sin-gle Feature, and in ev-ry sin-gle Feature shown the



and in ev-ry sin-gle Feature, and in ev-ry sin-gle Feature shown the



utmost, shewn the ut—most of her art:



utmost, shewn the ut—most of her art:



But in this it is pretended, they too migh-ty, mighty greivance lyes,



But in this it is pretended, they too migh-ty, mighty greivance lyes,





that your heart shou'd be de-fended ; whilst you wound, whilst you wound us,



that your heart shou'd be de-fended : whilst you wound, whilst you wound us,



whilst you wound us, whilst you woun——d us with your Eyes.



whilst you wound us, whilst you woun——d us with your Eyes.



Love is a fence——less in-cli-na-tion,



Love is a fence——less in-cli-na-tion



where no mer-cy's to be found; but it's



where no mer-cy's to be found; but it's just, it's just,





—lemn du-ty to the ri-sing, to the ri-sing, to the ri—



—lemn du-ty to the ri-sing, to the ri-sing, to the ri-sing ri—



—sing Sun inclin'd; never, never, never, never, never, a—



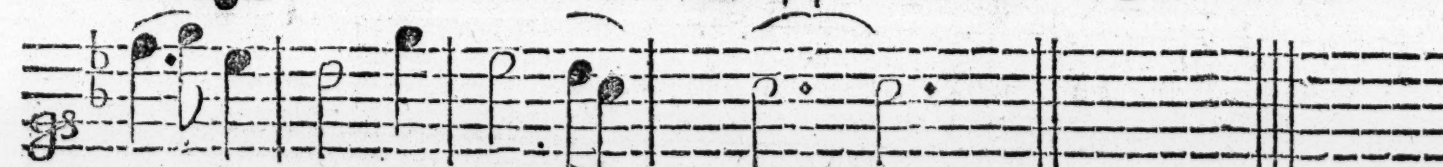
—sing Sun inclin'd; never, never, never, never, never, a—



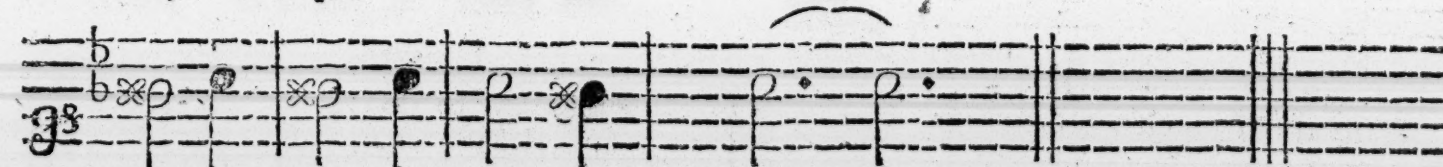
—dor'd, a—dor'd his Beauty; but in hopes, in hopes, in hop—



—dor'd, a—dor'd his Beauty; but in hopes, in hopes, in hopes, in



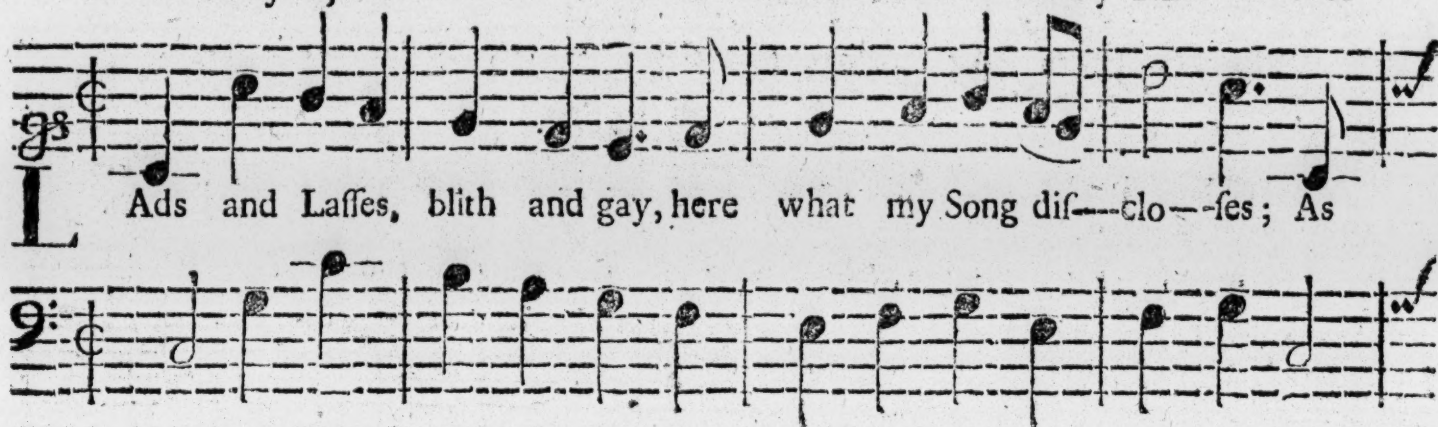
—es, in hopes to make him kind.



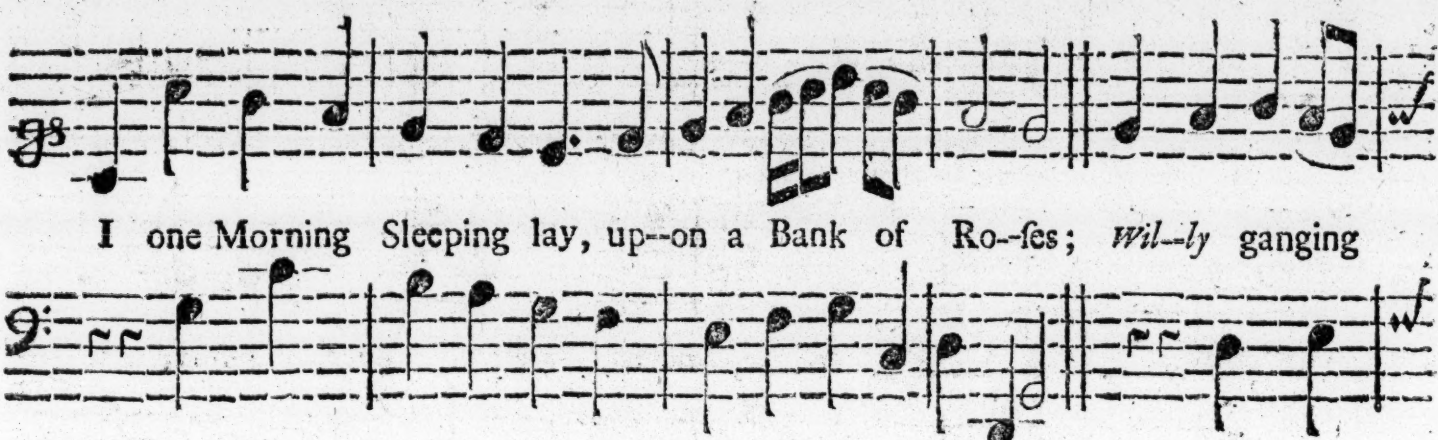
hopes, in hopes to make him kind.



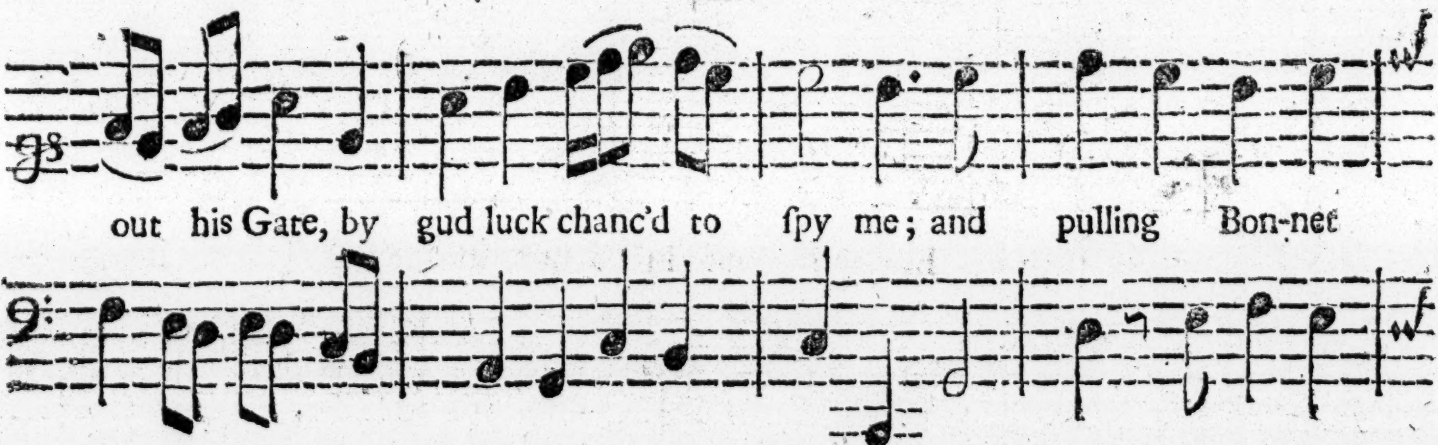
A Song in the 2^d. Part of *Don Quixote*. Sung by
Mrs. *Hudson*, not Printed in that Collection. Set by Mr. *Purcell*.



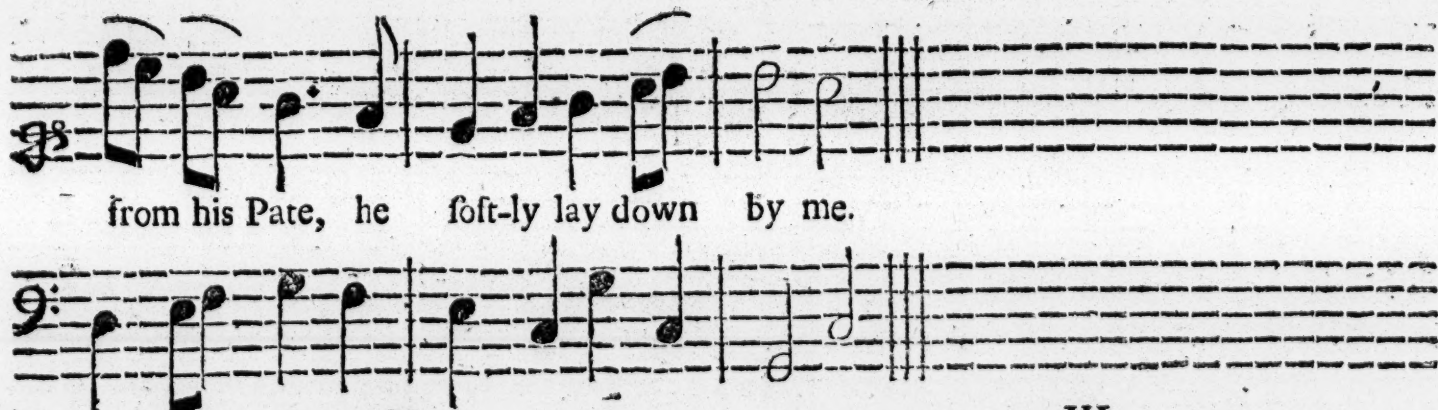
L Ads and Lasses, blith and gay, here what my Song dis—clo—ses; As



I one Morning Sleeping lay, up—on a Bank of Ro—ses; *Wil—ly* ganging



out his Gate, by gud luck chanc'd to spy me; and pulling Bon-net



from his Pate, he soft-ly lay down by me.

II.

Willy tho' I muckle priz'd,
Yet now I wa'd no know him,
But made a frown, my face disguise,
And from me strove to throw him;
Fondly he still nearer prest,
Upon my Bosom lying,
My beating Heart too thump'd so fast,
I thought the Loon was dying.

III.

But resolving to deny,
An angry passion faining,
I often roughly push'd him by,
With Words full of disdain;
Willy balk'd no faver wins,
But went off so discontented,
But I-gud faith for all my Sins
Ne'er half so much Repented.

Mr. Dogget's Serenade in the 5th. Act of the *Lancashire-Witches.* Set by Mr. John Eccles.



Then Beautious Nymph look from above, and see me here be—low ;

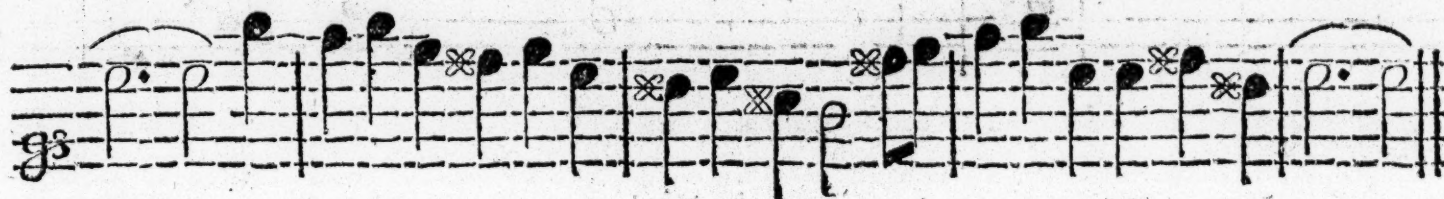


see how the mighty Tyrant Love draggs me to your



win—dow,

draggs me to your win—



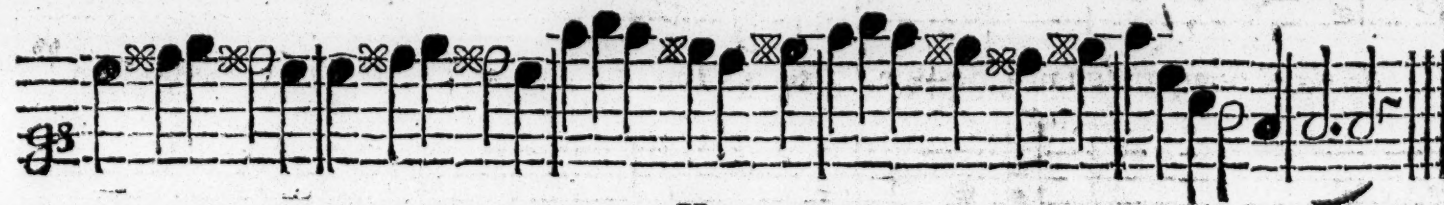
—dow :



Let not your Heart then hardned be, since you my Love have got ;



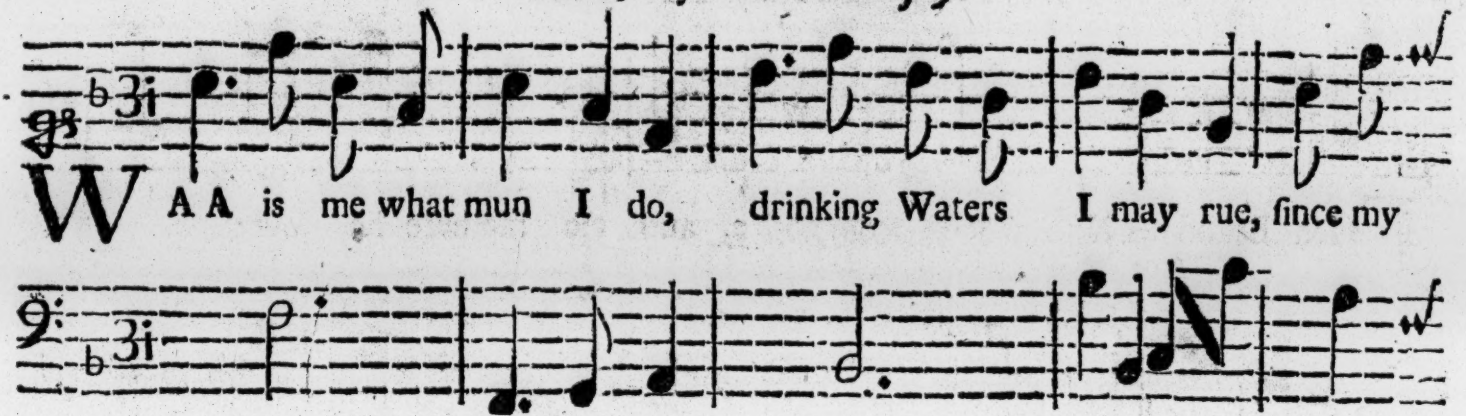
for I'm a Knight of high degree, and dyes up-on the spot.



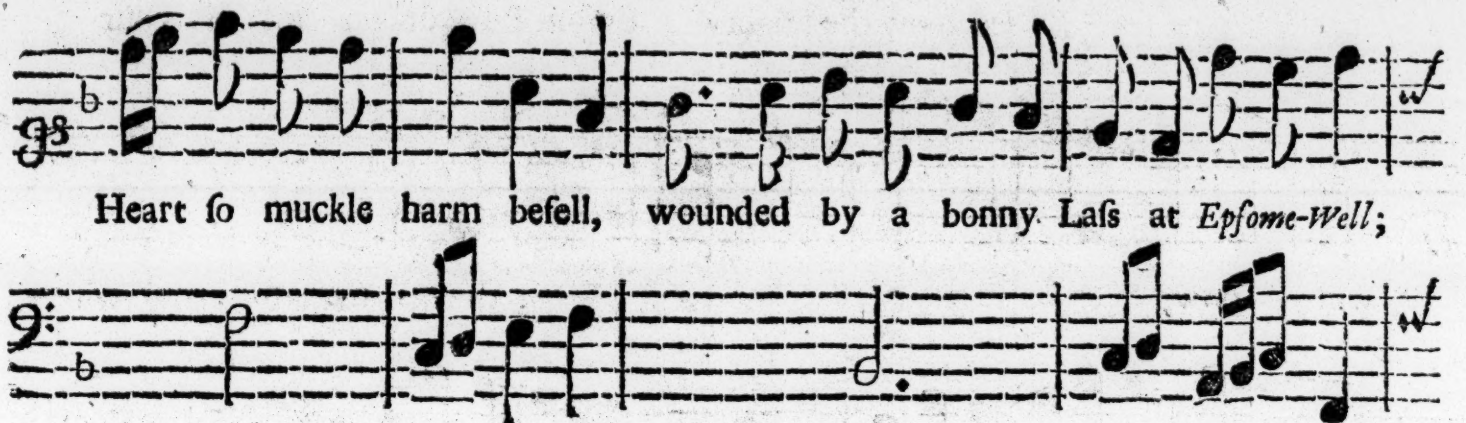
II.

To morrow then let us be Wedd,
At hours Canonick;
That I may say when I have spedd,
My heart is free from thrall :
Oh think then what thy Joy will be,
When I am in thy Arms;
That thou may'st have the liberty,
To Risse all my Charms.

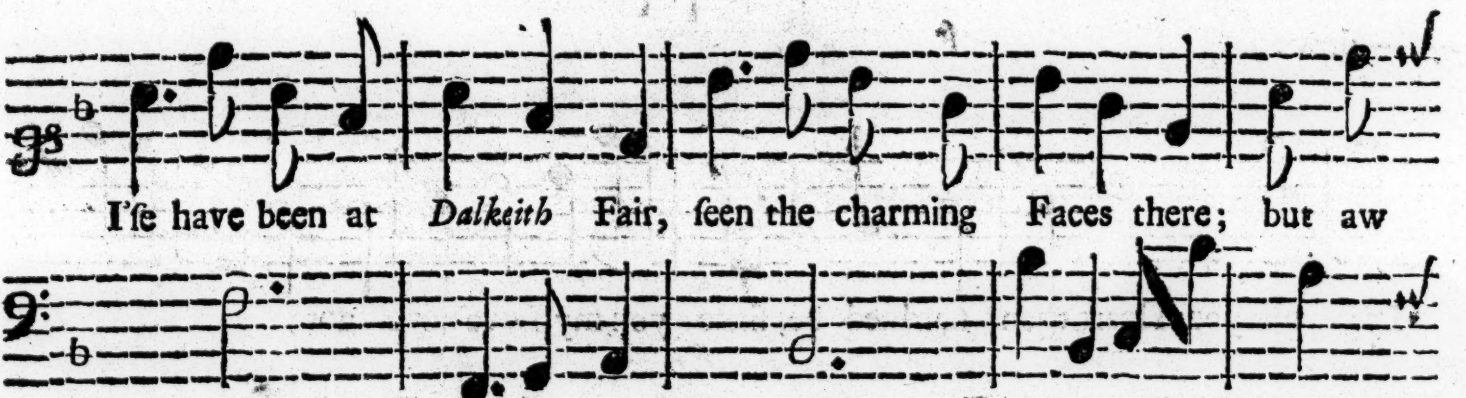
A *Scotch* Song, the Words made and fitted to the
Tune, by Mr. *Durfey*.



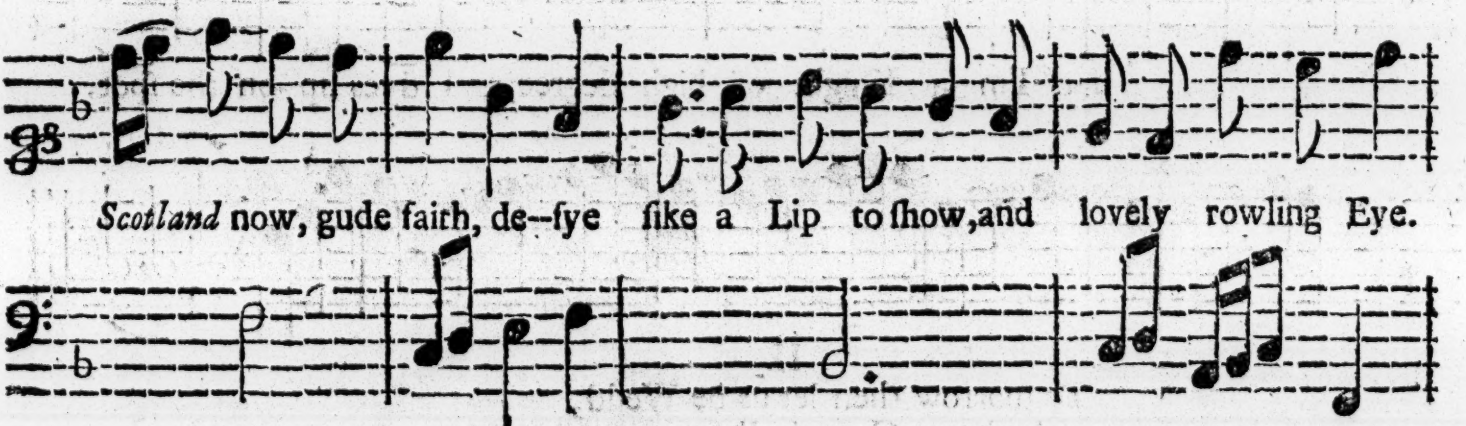
W A A is me what mun I do, drinking Waters I may rue, since my



Heart so muckle harm befell, wounded by a bonny Lass at *Epsome-Well*;



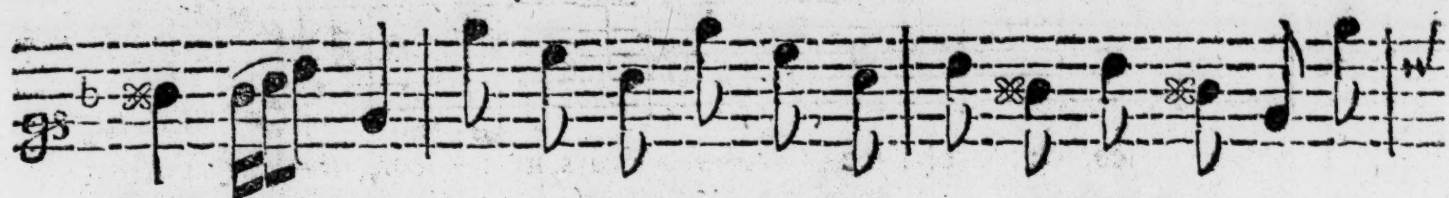
I've have been at *Dalkeith* Fair, seen the charming Faces there; but aw



Scotland now, gude fairh, de-sye like a Lip to show, and lovely rowling Eye.



Jenny's Skin was white, her Fingers small; *Mog-gy*, she was slen-der,



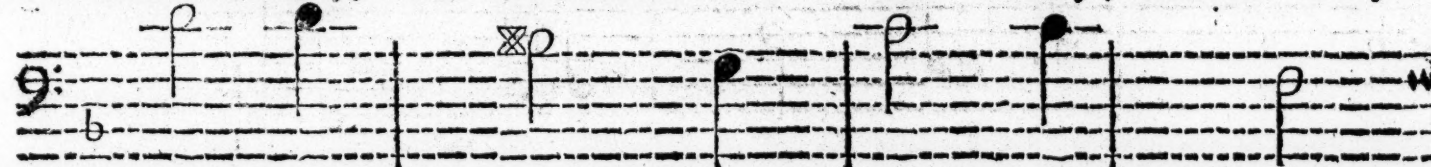
straight and tall; but my Love here bears a-way the Bell from all; for



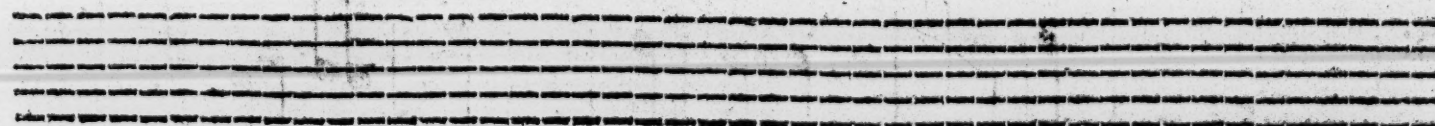
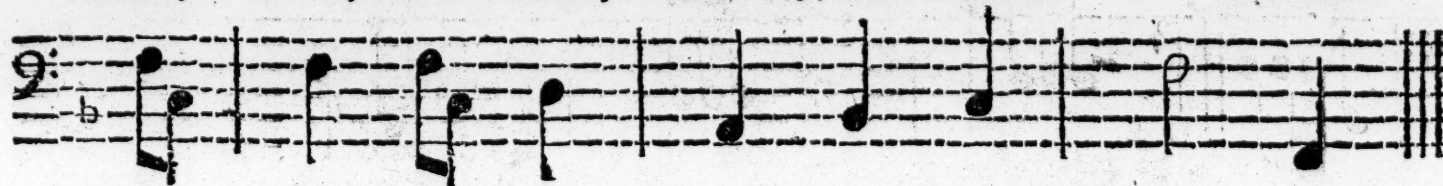
her I sigh, for her I dye in a wild despair; never Man in Woman



took such Joy, ne-ver Woman was to Man so coy; she'l not be my



Honey for my Love or Money: well-a-day, what torments I mun bear.



S E E, fee, fee, fee, oh! fee Co-rinna's Tears, in si-lent, si-lent Furrows

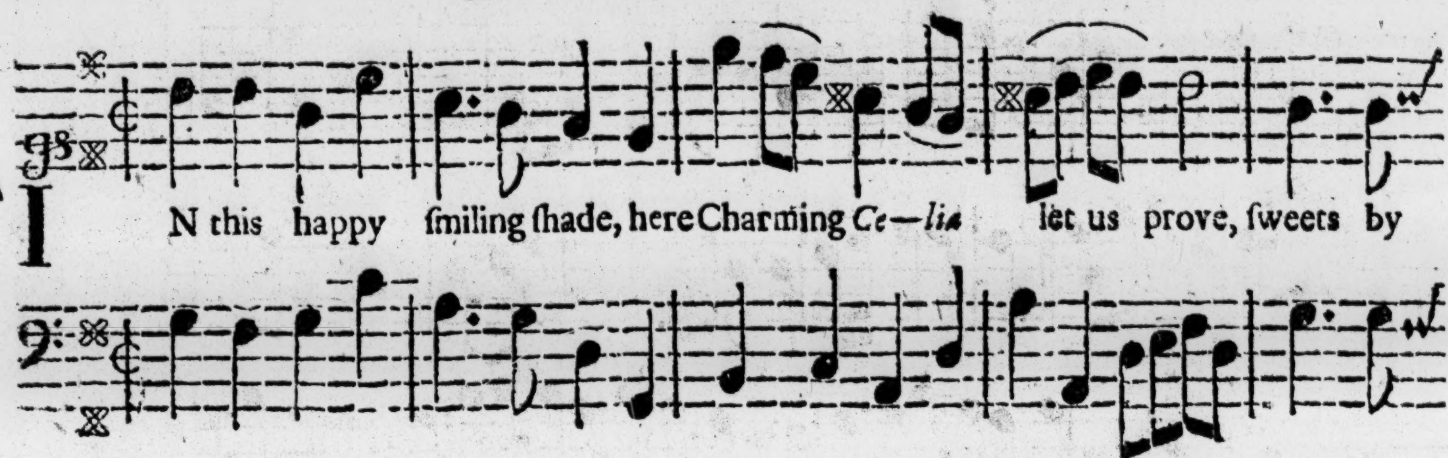
glide, and no kind Swain ap-pears to stop the rowling Tide, to stop the

row ling Tide, the row ling, rowling Tide.

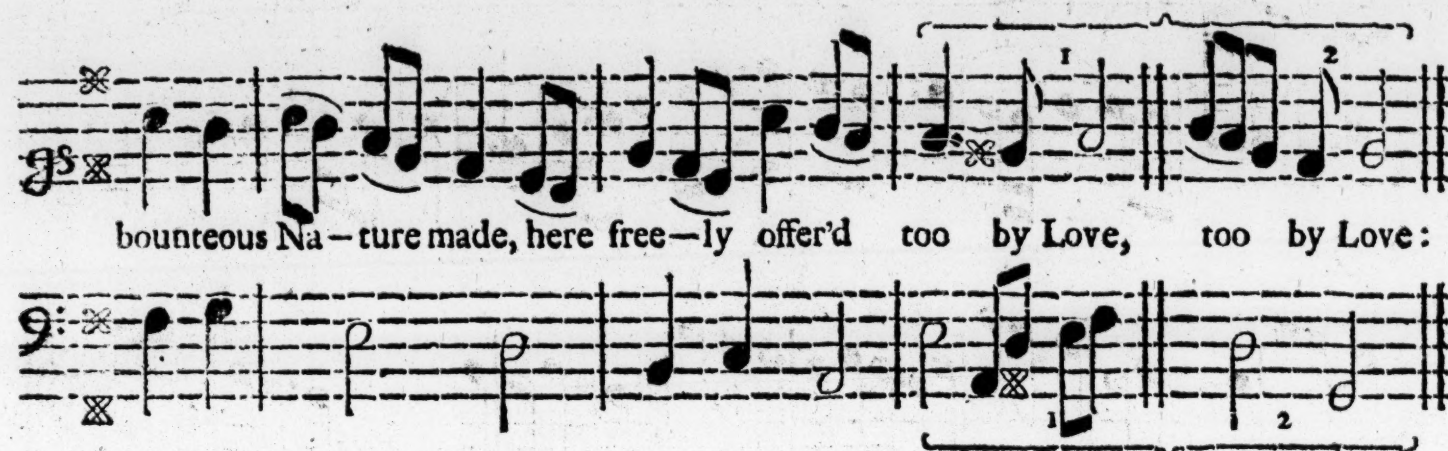
Tide. See, fee, oh! fee, oh! fee, what sums she pays to buy a moments Ease; while

their unkind delays a-las! a-las! a-las! her paines in-crease.

A Song set by Mr. James Hart.



I N this happy smiling shade, here Charming Ce-lia let us prove, sweets by



bounteous Na-ture made, here free-ly offer'd too by Love, too by Love:



Haste ingaging love-ly Creature, with thy numerous train of Charms,



Life than Love has nothing sweeter; haste thee to thy Lovers Arms.

II.

Nothing can disturb those blisses,
 Where two faithfull Hearts unite;
 Love and pleasure warm their Kisses,
 Ever giving new delight:
 Life affords no equal blessing,
 To a rightly temper'd brain;
 Always wishing or Caressing,
 Still in every point the same.

(I)

First Treble.



(2)



(3)



(4)



(1)

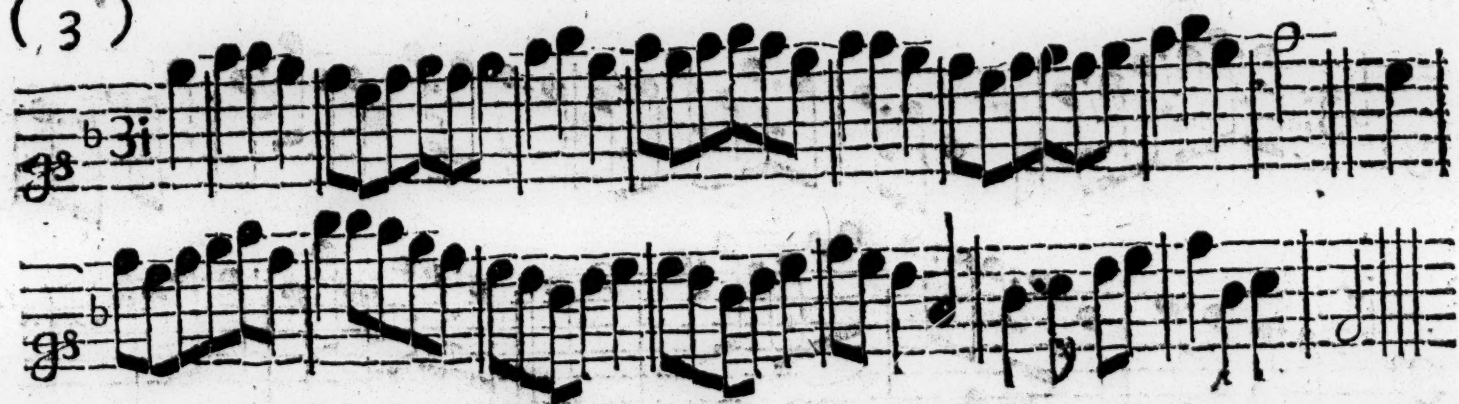
Second Treble.



(2)



(3)



(4)



(5)

First Treble.



(6)



(7)



(5)

Second Treble.



(6)

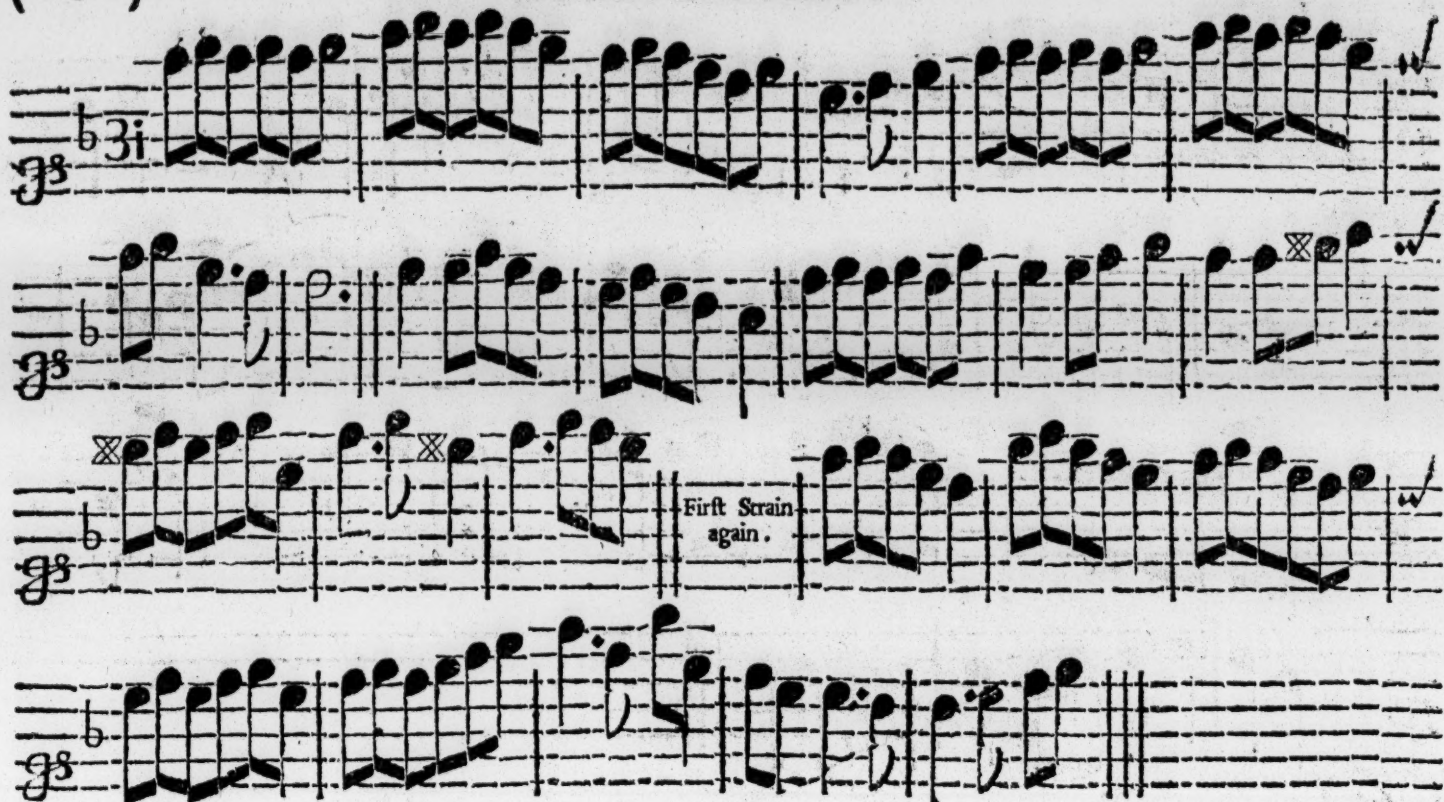


(7)



(8)

First Treble.



(9)



(10)



(8)

Second Treble.

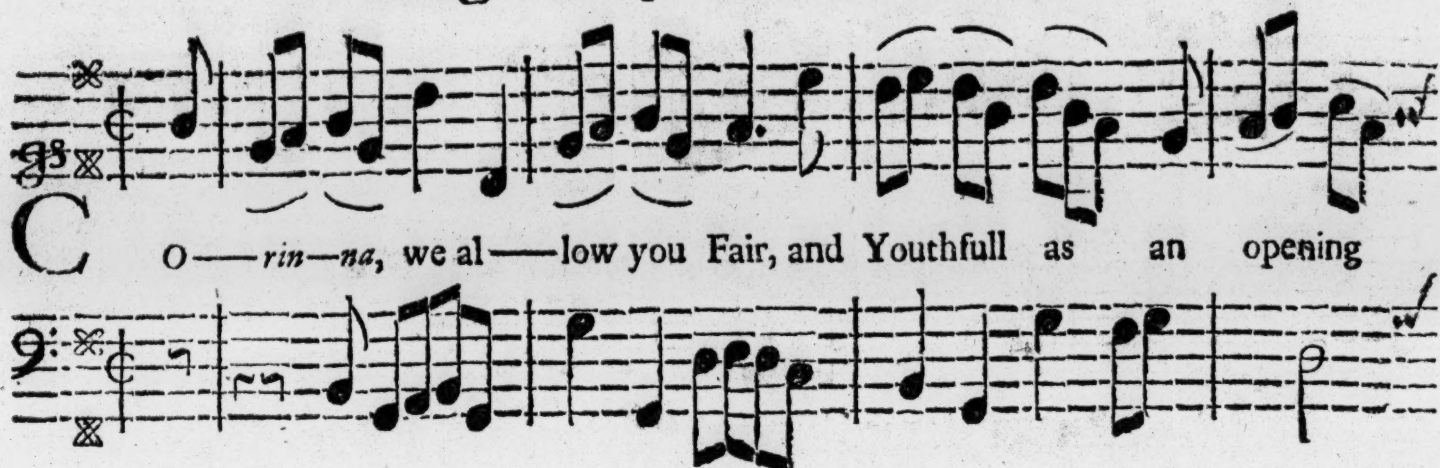


(9)



(10)



A Song set by Mr. *James Hart*.


C O — rin — na, we al — low you Fair, and Youthfull as an opening



Flower, your shape is ea — sy, free your Aire, sprightly your Wit, and



full of power: But when your pride for — bids us Love, you your per — fec — tions



miss — im — ploy; your Eyes like fa — tal light — ning prove, that



warms us ' not but does de — stroy.

F I N I S.

